

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 983.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1839.

[PRICK 2d.



REDBOURNE CHURCH AND VICARAGE,

LINCOLNSHIRE.

In a letter from "a country clergyman," which appeared in the *Mirror* in March 1837, the idea was suggested of occasionally introducing views of different parsonage-houses and churches, possessing any local beauty or traditional interest; the writer (Dr. Rudge) gave, as the commencement of a series, a pretty view of "Hawkchurch Church and Parsonage." In accordance with this pleasing suggestion, I have ventured to present a view of Redbourne Church and Vicarage. This village, situate about seventeen miles from Lincoln, possesses, in greater perfection than most others in the neighbourhood, an air of cultivation and order; doubtless, in a great measure, induced by the frequent residence at his paternal seat, of the owner of the hall, his Grace the Duke of St. Albans. No squalid abodes of poverty meet the eye, offending taste and feeling, but cheerful-looking abodes, where labour may rest from toil, and envy not the great.

"Through glowing orchards forth they prep.
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep.
As birds beneath the eaves."

The pretty little vicarage bounding the church-yard, with its ivy-clad, rustic porch,

and flower-garden, sheltered by the noble trees of the park, is one of those quiet spots of beauty with which, despite the innovations of these railroad days, this happy country still abounds.

It is an ancient building, with a thatched roof, constructed at a time long anterior to those edifices of modern ambition, in which comfort is too often sacrificed to display. The correct taste of the present vicar, (the Reverend E. Harrison,) is evinced in many improvements and additions which have been made; and it now admirably answers to Hannah Moore's eulogy on her friend, Mrs. Garrick's house, at Hampton; "so green, so clean, so bowery, so flowery." The church is a perfect gem amongst village churches, but, comparatively, of modern date; the entrance, a pillared porch of peculiar elegance. There are twelve superb-painted windows in the interior, representing the twelve apostles, and an organ, with a gallery beneath, over the entrance door. Around the altar, at the opposite end, the "dim religious light" from a richly illuminated window falls on the monumental records of former inhabitants of the hall; amongst them is a plain marble slab to the memory of the

late Duchess of St. Albans. The remains of this celebrated lady repose in a small mausoleum, separated from the church by a grated iron door. In this cemetery is a painted window, Faith leaning on her anchor, and Hope, with one foot on the earth, for ever looking upward, to the "morning dream of life's eternal day." Appropriate subjects for the silent home of the dead, where thought becomes saddened by a view of the "cold obstruction" which attends on poor mortality.

To the left of the altar, inscribed with letters of brass on black marble, inserted in the wall, is the tomb of an ancient knight or warrior; who, in the days of the fourth Henry, "this perishable dust has left behind." The following is a copy of the inscription, as far as it can be discerned; it has been much injured by the "effacing fingers" of decay and all-destroying time:

*Hic jacet d'us Gerardus Rothill miles
qui obiit primo die Augusti anno D'ni
MCCCC^a. cuius anima miser. Deus.
Amen.*

All memory or tradition of Sir Gerard has long passed away, and the durable tomb which so long outlasts its mouldering inhabitant, remains to tell of the fleeting and most transient nature of our little day in this short stage of our being.

Adjoining the church-yard are some grassy hillocks; and a row of hoary willows there, are all which remain to tell the site of Redbourne Castle. Some years ago, the labourers employed in digging for gravel discovered the foundations of some battlemented tower of far-off times. It would not be assuming too much to suppose that the knight of the old tomb has been one of a race who held possession of this long demolished fortress, in times of feudal state, when the present well-ordered village contained only vassals and serfs dependant on some great baron, who had the power of life and death over them. The church at Redbourne has been lately still further improved and adorned, and is now eminent for completeness and beauty. "Few associations (as your Reverend Correspondent observes) are more delightful than such as are excited by the sight of places like these, no less venerable for their antiquity than the *purposes* to which they are dedicated." While musing amongst the marble records of the great, or over the turf-covered graves of the humble sleepers there, should the solemn, yet sweet chime which calls to the pure worship of the sanctuary float over the peaceful scene around, how is the spirit cheered as with a voice telling of immortal hopes, reaching to that state of being where all is durable and without change, "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

ANNE R.—

A LAST WISH.

On lay me not within the grave,
That bricks and stones enclose,
O'er which no shadowy branches wave,
To guard my last repose.

I could not sleep my last long sleep,
Did stony walls surround me;
My soul would fit about, and weep
That fitters still had bound me.

On lay me 'neath some ancient tree,
That spreads its shade afar;
Where my lone grave may smile on be,
By many a silent star.

Where bounding steps may o'er me press,
And laughing tones are ringing;
And purest joys that man can bless,
Their course around me winging.

Where flowerets deck the emerald sod,
And with their fragrant breath,
Whisper sweet tales of peace and God,
And life, and love, and death.

Lay me, where every season brings
Some sweet and simple token;
Where Nature's fairest, loveliest things,
May south a heart that's broken.

Where sweet birds may sing my dirge
And hover round my grave;
Or where the distant rolling surge
Proclaims the free blue wave.

There, lay me there, 'mid scenes that life
Hath twi'd in love around me;
Oh lay me far from mortal strife,
Let no dark walls surround me!

GRACE A.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND AMUSEMENTS.

BY J. D. LOCKWOOD, F. N. S.

Christmas is a merrie time
Good mirth therefore to make,
Young men and maidis together may
Their legs in dances shake.
We it see with some gentlemen,
A common use to be,
At that time, to provide to have
Some pleasant minstrelsie.

F. LOVELL, 1600.

CHRISTMAS, for the last eighteen hundred "revolving years," has been always looked forward to with two or three different sentiments: at first, with piety and reverence for the holiness of the subject it commemorates; and then, after the lapse of centuries, solemnity, prayer, and fasting, is changed into mirth, revels, and feasting.

In the early ages of Christianity, before vile interpolations had been made in the holy ceremonies of the primitive Church, that day was usually devoted to the singing of hymns of gratitude and thanksgiving to the supreme Being, for the great mercy and love displayed towards his people in sending our Redeemer, the praises of whose humble birth they usually sung on the anniversary of that "blessed day the holy babe was born."

Durand states, in confirmation of the previous remarks, that the bishops of the primitive Christians were accustomed to sing hymns among the clergy of their diocese on Christ-

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mas-day; from whence, beyond all doubt, the carols of the present day derive their origin.

Bishop Taylor observes, that the "Gloria in excelsis," the hymn sung by the angels to the mountain shepherds, announcing the nativity of our Saviour, was the earliest carol known.

In the twelfth century, if not at an earlier period, the "merrie monkes" composed short legends, in verse, detailing the lives, miracles, and exploits, of the Saints, which are sung on the proper days appropriated to each Saint, and, as a matter of course, the Virgin and her child would not be forgotten; consequently, religious songs or hymns, suited to the occasion, were recited, and frequently accompanied with songs of a different kind. Music was introduced into these ceremonies to give more force and solemnity to the scene; and, if conducted with rigid propriety, would be not only appropriate and attractive, but really calculated to produce a strong religious feeling, and holy veneration, for the day of the birth of our Redeemer.

The term "carol" appears, in its primitive sense, to have signified a species of songs which were sung at dances, and intermingled with some other amusements of a similar kind, so that it might be understood to designate a kind of diversion of a mixed nature. In the celebrated "*Roman de la Rose*," it appears to be used in this sense; the same may be said of our famous old poet, Chaucer, and others of the period.

The term was subsequently applied to festive songs of a less solemn kind; and these ultimately gaining the ascendancy in popular favour, it has, for a long time past, generally, though not altogether exclusively, designated those sung during Christmas time; the hymns which are of a more sedate, solemn, and measured kind, should be strictly distinguished from the Christmas songs and ballads: at the present day, the term seems to apply to a great variety, of both hymns, songs, and ballads, which appear to be indiscriminately confounded together.

About the beginning of the fifteenth century, the custom of singing carols had become quite common. Among the people who were, as at present, recreated by the strolling carol singers, in many of the early specimens of these humble effusions, scraps of monkish Latin were introduced, probably from the Christmas hymns of the Church, which were written in Latin; these fragments of the mutilated hymns were, doubtless, introduced into the carols for the purpose of giving them a little learning and solemnity; these were intended to substitute the early Church hymns, and this they, in a measure, soon effected.

Their popularity increased to such an extent, that one of our earliest printers, the celebrated Wynkyn de Worde made a collection of some of the most popular, and printed a set of them in the year 1521. This collection contains the well-known "Boar's Head

Carol," which used anciently to be sung by the people upon the introduction of that famous dish on Christmas-day. This ceremony, as most of your readers may know, was originally introduced in derision and hatred of Judaism; the custom now is "*more honoured in the breach than the observance*."

Christmas-day was one of the days set apart for the gross impieties of the "Fête des Fous," which was so commonly celebrated in the Churches of the middle ages. On these occasions, the clergy, deacons, deacons, choristers, and, indeed, all connected with the Church, gave themselves up to the most abominable practices,—eating, singing, dancing, and even gambling, was carried on in the Church; the very altar was made a table to eat puddings on; old shoes and leather were burnt for incense; and every profanation that could be thought of was practised. After a long struggle between the heads of the Church and its inferior members, it was ultimately abolished. Those who wish to know more of these extraordinary proceedings, may find them detailed at length in "*De Tilliot's Mémoires pour servir à l' Histoire des Fêtes des Fous*," which contains a full account of their "*sottises*," and strange proceedings.

In the Book of Expenses of Elizabeth, Queen of Henry the Seventh, we may see the amount given for a ballad of the carol kind: it is there stated, that William Cornyshe, who appears to have been a court favourite of the time, received the sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence "for setting of caroll upon Christmas-day in reward;" a good reward, truly, for the time. These trifles continued to be all the rage during the sixteenth century, and many is the would-be-poet they have kindled into life.

Tusser mentions one to be sung to the tune of "King Solomon," March the 4th, 1570. There is a receipt entered at the Stationer's Company, from Ralf Newbury, for license to print the ballad called "Kyng Solomon," which appears to have been a favourite of the people.

If these old carol tunes could be proved to be now in existence, what a link would they not add to the history, not only of music, but of the general habits of the people, which it is always desirable to know: and nothing so much as songs, festivities, and amusements, can throw light into the dark pages of the history of any country.

In the additional MSS. in the British Museum, Nos. 5465 and 5665, there is a collection of ancient songs, of about the time of Henry the Seventh and Eighth; amongst them are some Christmas carols, and some pious songs. These are set to music, but generally in three and four parts; and, judging by their character, we should say, these compositions are not adapted for the common people, or the "Ballad screamers, roaring boyes," of the

period, as they appear decidedly adapted for those well versed in music.

Among the composers of these reliques, we may find the names of Edmond Targes, Gilbert Banaster, and the before-mentioned William Cornyshe; and, probably, the carol for which he was rewarded by 13s. 4d. may be among them.

During the reign of "*Good Queen Bess*," carols were commonly sung by strollers during the night about Christmas time, who made the gabled streets ring again, by their lusty roaring out of these carol ditties. This custom they abused, and made it a pretext for collecting money; which custom the "*Waits*" of the present day still keep up, who are not less noisy and importunate than their ancient carol brethren.

The Reformation added not a little to the success and extension of the carols of the period; for, on the abolition of the Latin hymns, which used to be sung in the Romish church, carols were immediately introduced, and sung in nearly all the country churches, which tended greatly to extend their popularity.

But carol-singing, or reciting, whichever it might be, was not confined to the churches of the Reformed Religion alone, for the Catholics admitted the custom also, without any farther restraint than that they should partake, as much as possible, of the hymn character.

They are even now admitted in the continental Catholic countries.

(To be continued.)

ANT AND CATERPILLAR.

THE following fable is extracted from some miscellaneous poems, published in 1766.

W. G. C.

As an ant of his talents amazingly vain,
Was walking, with consequence, over the plain,
A worm in his progress remarkably slow,
Said, " Bless your good worship, wherever you go ;
I hope your great mightness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with a hearty good will."
With a look of contempt and ineffable pride,
" Begone, you vile reptile," his antiphon replied,
" Go, go, and lament thy contemptible state ;
But, first, look at me ; see my limbs how complete,
I guide all my motions with freedom and ease ;
I ran back and forwards, and turn when I please.
Of nature grown weary, thou shocking essay :
I spur you thus from me ;—crawl out of my way."
The reptile insulted and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole ;
But nature, determined to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
Ere long, the proud ant was repassing that road,
Fatigued from the harvest, and tugging his load.
The bear on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd ;
His plume expanded ;—twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.
The ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away ;
" Stop, friend," said the butterfly, " don't be surpris'd ;
I once was the reptile you spurnd and despis'd ;
But now I can mount—in the sun-beams I play,
While you must for ever drudge on in your way."

Manners and Customs.

A VISIT TO MANCHESTER.

BY AN AMERICAN.*

The Rail-road.

A RIDE of about two miles from Liverpool, in an omnibus, brought us to the commencement of the rail-road. All was bustle. Trains of carriages filled the court; porters were transferring the baggage to the cars; while passengers were following, with a vigilant espionage over their floating property. A porter, who said he belonged to the rail-road company, placed my baggage on one of the coaches, and then came to me for a fee. I read to him my ticket; which informed us that all portage would be performed by the servants of the company, free of expense. "But I'm not a regular porter for the rail-road," said he. "You said you worked for the rail-road company," I replied. "Yes, your honour, but I meant that I worked for the *company that comes to the rail-road*, not for the *rail-road company*." I told him that, as his intention had been to deceive, I should not encourage dishonesty. The rail-road commences at the mouth of a dark gallery [tunnel], into which we rapidly darted. We passed on through the dark with fearful velocity, for some time, when the day-light began once more to glimmer on us; and we were soon flying along, with the green fields on either side of us. The motion was agreeable, we scarcely seemed to touch the earth; while the passing objects seemed to whirl by with dizzy swiftness. Occasionally, carriages, coming in the opposite direction, shot by us with their sparkling furnaces ;—leaving a train of smoke and fire behind. We had hardly time to take note of their presence, before they had passed,—with the *whirr* and speed of a sky-rocket ;—a *miss* of waggons and faces, visible for a moment, and then gone. They govern these highly accelerated machines with surprising facility. Their speed is not abated until very near the stopping-place; yet they "bring up" just before the door, as exactly as if with a coach and horses. We concluded the thirty miles in about ninety minutes; including twelve or fifteen stoppages.

The Palace Inn.

I selected this inn because it is connected with the History of England;—the last of the unfortunate line of the Stuarts made this house his head-quarters, when with his army in Manchester,—then, an incon siderable place. I requested to be shewn to his room. It is said to remain precisely in the same state as when he occupied it; but it certainly had not a very regal air. The carpet was much worn; the window-curtains were rusty; a few decanters and glasses were on the side-board;—everything seemed to mourn over the departed honours of the house of Stuart!

* See "*The Mirror*" for March 2, 1839. (No. 938; volume 33; page 130.)

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The Commercial Traveller.

Commercial travellers are agents for mercantile houses; and their sole business is to traverse the country, taking orders and receiving money. They are often coarse and mercenary; but not without considerable sagacity. A large man, with a red face, a heavy riding-coat, and thick boots, came into the coffee-room, with a leather writing-case under one arm, and an umbrella in the other hand. He threw his hat, umbrella, and writing-case on the table; pulled off his great-coat; moved up to the fire; rubbed his hands; turned round once or twice; called for "boots," a newspaper, and something to eat; and then sat down, and wrote away, as busily as a merchant's clerk; and as if there had not been a dozen persons in the room with him. After finishing his writing, and taking his tea or coffee, he called for some hot port-wine and water, and then began to cast his eye round, to see who was near him.

The Cotton Factories.

The number of the factories is astonishing. In general, their machinery did not appear so new as that of the manufactures at Lorvell [in America]; while the appearance of the work-people was such as I had been led to anticipate, by the dark descriptions which have been drawn of them. How different from the well-dressed, healthy factory girls of our manufacturing towns! I do not now believe, though I did at first, that this poverty, paleness, and debility, arise from the *nature* of factories themselves; but from other causes. These are the early age of the children employed; the number of hours they labour; the want of education, of temperance societies, and of attention to sacred duties on the Sabbath; the influence of the poor-laws; and the weight of taxation.

The Cathedral.

I turned from the noise of the crowded street, and stood before the ancient cathedral. It was a striking picture of the era in which it was erected;—grand, but misty. A thousand fretted pinnacles rose from its roof; while over its pointed-arch door-ways and windows, and along the cornice, were grim figures of priests and griffins, with many a singular device. As I walked over the time-worn pavements, I saw, by the nearly effaced memorials of death engraved on each slab, that I was upon ground consecrated to sepulture and silence. The strains of sacred music floated, in lengthened cadence, from the cathedral; and as the notes melted in the air, they seemed to be the wailings of the spirit that watched over the place of tombs! I passed under one of the low portals, and entered the vestry; which was separated from the choir by a low partition of carved oak, surrounded by an antique railing. The light from the stained windows, in soft and blending colours, fell on the gray stone beneath my feet; while the busts, statues, coats of arms, and funeral

devices upon the wall, lay in a dim and sober shade. The interior of the church, though divided into several parts, has, nevertheless, an air of unity; so that the remotest parts are seen; and I thought that the communion-table, and distant parts of the building, received a finer shading from the foliage of the iron-railing through which they were viewed. The organ was subdued to its lowest stops as I entered the choir; where the clergyman and the chanting boys, in their white robes, were performing the solemn and elevating service of the morning. The place was almost empty; but the sounds reverberated with greater effect on that account, through the lofty chancel and distant galleries. In the manner of the clergyman, there was a chilling indifference, which strikingly contrasted with the general solemnity of the scene. When he had finished, he hurried off with a rapid step; while one or two aged persons remained,—wrapped in contemplation and prayer. This cathedral is a relic of the days of Henry the Fourth; and a type of the ecclesiastical system, as it existed then.

The Roman Camp.

Leaving the cathedral, and hurrying through the busy streets, I directed my steps to a distant part of the city. After passing by many an immense warehouse and factory, and over many a canal-bridge, I arrived at an eminence which commanded a view of part of the city. I looked forth upon the hundred furnaces-chimneys that poured their smoke into the misty canopy of clouds above the city. I saw the massive buildings on every side. I heard the deep murmur of the town, the active working of ten thousand looms, and the unceasing sound of the mighty engines which shook the air. I felt myself under the spell of history; and the deep tide of time rolled back, in my mind, to the days when the legions of Cesar fortified their camp there. What a spot to stand upon, and to remember the unconquered eagle,—the eternal city!

A Sunday in Manchester.

The shops were closed, as in *our* cities; and the town presented a striking contrast to the bustle of the week. The people appeared also better clothed; but still there was nothing of the general air of comfort and affluence which brightens *our* streets on a Sabbath-morning. The bells were pealing from many a spire, as I reached Dr. Jack's chapel, where I readily secured a seat, through the courtesy of a gentleman who perceived I was a stranger. The chapel was plain—even to bareness; although the appearance of the house was highly respectable. The ladies were less showily dressed than with *us*; but I thought the simple elegance of their attire rendered them more pleasing, than if they had been adorned with a floating array of ribbons and laces. When we came out, several handsome equipages, with liveried servants, were at the door.

PORTRAITS
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

(Concluded from page 339.)

84. *Frederick, third duke of Saxony.*

85. *John Baptist Poquelin, commonly known as Molière.* [b. 1620; d. 1673.]

A small oval; painted with great truth, displaying all the energy and soul so apparent in his approved portraits. For his memoir, we refer the reader to Nos. 931, and 983, of this volume.

86. *Mary I. of England.* [b. 1517; d. 1558.]

A very inferior portrait of this troubled sovereign: the artist unknown. Presented by Sir Thomas Mantel.

87. *Peter Corneille.* [b. 1606; d. 1684.]

This great dramatic poet is called the Shakespeare of France; for he raised the drama at once from infancy to manhood, by his vigorous and original genius. "Corneille," says St. Beuve, "with his great qualities and defects, produces on me the effect of one of those great trees, naked, rugged, sombre in the trunk, and adorned with branches and a dusky verdure only towards the summit. They are strong, gigantic, scantly leaved, an abundant sap circulates through them, but we are not to expect from them shade, shelter, or flowers. They bud late, begin to shed their foliage early, and live a long time half-shorn of their leaves. Even after their bare heads have surrendered their leaves to the autumnal wind, the viracity of their nature still throws out here and there scattered branches and suckers; and when they fall, they resemble, in their crash and groans, that trunk covered with armous to which Lucas has compared the fall of Pompey."

Cebillon, speaking of Corneille and his contemporary Racine, thus ejaculates:—"Corneille has laid hold of heaven, Racine of earth; nothing was left me but hell, and I have thrown myself into it, heart and soul."

"Il n'est pas ainsi" remarks that splendid genius Racine, speaking of Corneille, "de trouver un Poète qui i possède à la fois tant de grâces, tant d'excellentes parties de l'art, la force, le jugement, l'esprit. On ne peut trop admirer la noblesse, l'économie dans les sujets, la véhémence dans les passions, la gravité dans les sentiments, la dignité, et même tems la prodigieuse variété dans les caractères."

The first piece written by Corneille, was entitled *Méléte*, which was produced at the Théâtre François, and its success was so prodigious, that the managers foretold he would rise to the highest point of perfection,—nor were they mistaken. Corneille encouraged by the applauses of the public, next produced the *Cid*, *les Horatii*, *Anna*, *Poliante*, *Pompey*, *Rodogune*, and many other admirable tragedies, which have rendered his name immortal. The chief beauty in all these is, that his heroes are drawn with irresistible force and grandeur. His Romans speak as Romans; his kings as kings. There reigns throughout all his *chefs-d'œuvre*, a peculiar grandeur, a nobleness, and a majesty—the force and elevation of true genius—which is not to be found in any other of the French poets.

The heart sickens in the knowledge that the greater part of the life of this inspired poet, was passed in comparative poverty.

Of the editions of Corneille, consisting of nine comedies, and twenty-two tragedies, the best are, that of Joly, 10 vols., 12mo., 1651; that of Voltaire, 12 vols., 8vo., 1764; and the magnificent one of 10 vols., 4to., 1796.

The splendidly-painted portrait is of the cabinet size.

88. *Cosmo de Medicis.* [b. 1519; d. 1574.]

A gallery picture. This patron of literature is represented with his secretary, Bartol. Concioli. Brought from the old Cottonian library.

89. *James Rousseau.* [b. 1630; d. 1693.] He was employed, in conjunction with Charles la Fosse and John Baptiste Monoyer, in ornamenting

Montague House, (the British Museum;) he also painted several landscapes and perspective views for Hampton Court Palace.

Presented by Mrs. Wollfrey, 1757.

90. *Franke of Borsalia, earl of Ostervant.* Bear the date 1470. It is painted on panel.

91. *Ulysses Aldrovandus.* [b. 1527; d. 1605.]

Professor of Medicine and Philosophy at Bologna; he spent his time, talents, and fortune in the study of natural history; and died blind in an hospital of his native place, in great poverty. His works have been printed in 13 vols. folio. The portrait is finely painted by Giorgione; it formerly belonged to Sir Hans Sloane.

92. *Sforza Pallavicino.* [b. 1607; d. 1667.]

He was of a noble and ancient family in Italy; was made Cardinal by Alexander VII., in 1657. His principal work is, the History of the Council of Trent, 2 vols., folio, finely written in Italian. He is confounded with Anthony Pallavicino, another celebrated Cardinal, who died 1507.

The date on the picture is 1663; it was presented by Smart Lethiellier, esq.

93. *Isabella, infanta of Spain.*

94. *An unknown Portrait of a gentleman.* The age 66; date 1590. In a ruff and long beard.

95. *Rubens.* [b. 1577; d. 1640.]

His splendid works adorn the palaces at Luxembourg, and Madrid; the ceiling of the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and numerous churches and mansions in Flanders.

Charles de St. Evremond. [b. 1613; d. 1703.]

He was a marshal de camp, in the French army. His works, by which he is mostly known in England, consist chiefly of essays and letters. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, where a tomb is erected to his memory.

Presented by M. Maty, M.D.

97. *Henry Frederick, Prince of Orange.*

Presented in 1782, by Lord Frederick Campbell.

98. *John Gutenberg.* [b. 1401; d. circa 1467.]

The reputed inventor of the art of printing; made his first essay at the art with metal types, as is supposed, in 1439; and executed with the assistance of Faust, in 1455, the celebrated bible of 657 leaves.

Presented by Paul Vaillant, esq.

99. *Robert Cecil, first earl of Salisbury.* [d. 1612.]

Presented by Dr. A. Gifford.

100. *John Locke.* [b. 1632; d. 1704.]

The life of this great philosopher is too well known to need notice here.

Presented by Mathew Maty, M. D.

101. *Alexander Pope.* [b. 1688; d. 1744.]

The author of the immortal "Universal Prayer," was a painter, as well as poet: one of his portraits was destroyed at Lord Mansfield's, during the riots in London, 1790.

Presented by Francis Annesley, esq.

102. *James Parsons, M.D.* [b. 1705; d. 1770.]

A learned physician; was author of many medical works, as also of "Remains of Japhet: being Historical Enquiries into the Affinity and Origin of the European Languages." 4to.

103. *Mary Davis.*

This extraordinary woman was born in the parish of Shotwick, near Cheshire; when twenty-eight years of age an excrescence grew upon her head, like a wen, which continued for twenty years, and then grew into horns, resembling ram's, solid and wrinkled; she cast her horns three times before she was seventy-five years of age. At the time of exhibition at the Swan, near Charing Cross, in 1679, she had a pair of horns growing

out of her head. In the museum at Oxford, there is a horn which grew out of the hinder part of her head, five inches and a half long.

There are two genuine portraits of this woman; one in Leigh's, Lancashire, 1700; the other engraved from the above painting, when aged 74, 1668.

104. *Sir John Dodderidge.* [b. 1555; d. 1628.]

Descended of a Devonshire family; educated at Oxford; author of several works of jurisprudence and archaeology; and appointed one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, in 1615.

Presented by Dr. A. Gifford.

105. *Sir Henry Vane, junior.* [b. 1612; beheaded for high treason, 1662.]

One of those turbulent enthusiasts, engendered by the rebellion; he was a theological and political writer.

106. *Richard Baxter.* [b. 1615; d. 1691.]

The celebrated non-conformist divine. He was the author of a vast number of works; Mr. Long, of Exeter, says 80; Dr. Calamy, 120; but the writer of a note in the *Biographia Britannica* tells us he had seen 145 distinct treatises of Mr. Baxter's. Bishop Burnet calls him "a man of great piety."

107. *A small unknown Head.*

Well painted by Dobson, but of whom is unknown.

108. *Portrait of a Cardinal.*

109. *Unknown.*

110. *Philip Dormer, fourth earl of Chesterfield.* [b. 1694; d. 1773.]

Well known as the author of "Letters to his Son," which sufficiently stamp him as a moralist. His "Miscellaneous Works" were published in 9 vols., 1777.

This picture, painted by Ramsey, was presented by Sir T. Robinson, bart., in 1777.

111. *Ludovic Muggleton.* [b. 1607; d. 1697.]

An English fanatic, originally a tailor, who pretended to be filled with inward light, and thereby gained a number of proselytes. His books were burnt by the common hangman; and he himself pilloried and imprisoned: at his death he left a sect which for some time retained his name. His portrait is prefixed to the *Divine Looking Glass.* 4to. 1662.

112. *Thomas Britton.* [d. 1714.]

Well known as the musical small-coal-man, from his setting up in this business, in Clerkenwell, which he continued to the end of his life: shortly after commencing business, he applied himself to chemistry; but his principal pursuit was music, in the theory of which he was well versed, and he fitted up a stable at St. John's Gate, and gave concerts, which were fashionably attended. He lost his life through one Honneman, a ventriloquist, who being secreted during one of his concerts, announced, as if far off, the death of poor Britton, which had such an effect on him, that he took to his bed, and died a few days after. He left an excellent collection of books, and other valuable property, which were sold for the benefit of his widow.

113. *George Vertue.* [b. 1684; d. 1756.]

The celebrated engraver; he lies buried in the cloisters of Westminster abbey, after having executed nearly 500 portraits. From his MSS., lord Oxford published his "Anecdotes of Painting," &c., 5 vols., 4to, 1762.

114. *Algernon Sidney.* [b. circa 1617; executed 1683.]

This patriot and political writer was the second son of Robert, earl of Leicester; was implicated in the Rye House Plot, for which he suffered.

115. *Dr. John Wallis.* [b. 1616; d. 1703.]

The eminent mathematician, Savilian professor of geometry at Oxford; he was zealous in the royal cause, and very skilful in deciphering of letters.

116. *Governor Herbert.*

Painted by Devis; and presented by admiral Page.

117. *Captain William Dampier.* [b. 1652; d. 1699.]

The celebrated navigator. His "voyage round the world" is well known.

Painted by Murray; and is from the collection of Sir H. Sloane.

There is in the Mineral Gallery, among the Portraits, a beautiful landscape, by Wilson, the English Claude.

It is to be deplored we have not in the British Museum, a splendid Gallery, specially devoted for the reception of Portraits and Busts of Illustrious Persons.—"They order these matters better in France."

X.

MONTE CAVELLO,

THE RESIDENCE OF THE POPES.

The present palace on the Quirinal hill, now known by the name of Monte Cavello, from the two celebrated horses found in the baths of Constantine, being placed on its summit, was founded by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, towards the close of the sixteenth century. It has been embellished by many succeeding popes, and is much esteemed for the salubrity of the air in the neighbourhood. The edifice is extensive, but boasts little grandeur of architectural composition. No Corinthian capitals, nor porticos of marble, are to be seen in the main design of the building. All is simple and unostentatious, though massive and dignified. Much has been said of the splendid domestic arrangements of the popes, yet we seek in vain for sumptuousness, if we examine the furniture of their palace. The saloons and other apartments of Monte Cavello are extremely large, but destitute of every thing that shews habitual magnificence. Indeed there is, in some respects, a deficiency in articles of domestic comfort. Among the few incumbents of the papal chair, whom the possession of absolute power failed to vitiate, Gregory the Thirteenth holds a conspicuous place. He succeeded Pius the Fifth, so well known for his persecution of those disciples of Luther, who had recently adopted the appellation of Protestants.

It is supposed that considerable intrigue was, as usual, employed to procure the election of the Cardinal of St. Sixtus; but it proved successful, and he ascended the papal chair under the name of Gregory the Thirteenth. The pointed arguments of Luther, and the entire dereliction of some courts, rendered the administration of ecclesiastical power a task of extreme difficulty during the latter years of the sixteenth century; and Gregory, though just and amiable, appears to have wanted that firmness and vigour, which the necessities of the see required at this juncture. His pontificate lasted thirteen years, and he died cordially lamented; but his excess of lenity occasioned his loss to be deplored by the *bad*, with

as much sincerity as it was regretted by the good.

On reviewing the lives of the popes, we shall find that no station, however humble, debarred the man of genius from the hope of eventual exaltation; and, according to all probable calculation, the power of the hierarchy would never have prevailed through so many successive ages, had not ability and address been the requisite qualifications for an advancement to the papal chair.

Adrian the Fourth was a mendicant. Urban the Fourth quitted the employment of a cobbler, when he entered the cloister, and Sixtus the Fifth was a keeper of swine. This last-named pope, who was chosen by the cardinals as the successor of Gregory, was a native of a small village; and, on account of the extreme poverty of his father, was employed by a neighbouring farmer in watching his swine. A Franciscan friar, who was going to Ancona, and had missed the road, saw the future pope, sitting under a hedge, whilst tending his master's swine. He called to him, and inquired concerning his way. Young Peretti (which was the name he bore) replied to the friar's questions with obliging readiness, and offered himself as his conductor for the greater part of the way. It was during this walk, that the swineherd laid the foundation of his future greatness. The friar was charmed with the boy's energy and shrewdness, took him to his convent, and introduced him to the guardian. Young Peretti was immediately received as a lay brother or servitor; and, at the end of two years, was admitted into the order. He studied divinity with so much diligence, that he soon received the degree of doctor, and was in high repute in the convent. But a cloister was too narrow a scene for his talents, and Pius the Fifth first created him Bishop of St. Agatha, and afterwards Cardinal of St. Jerome. The ambition of Peretti now led him to aspire to the popedom, and, though naturally turbulent and imperious, he now assumed the pliant qualities of the most gentle, in order to gain his point. His artifices succeeded, and he was again the proud, unyielding character that nature had made him. The mild virtues of Gregory had entailed a painful task on his successor. His lenity towards criminals had caused the ecclesiastical state to be overrun with assassins and banditti; and Sixtus commenced his pontificate with the most determined exercise of strict justice. He carried this determination to such an awful extreme, that, it is said, he was never known to have pardoned a criminal; but that, on the contrary, he frequently punished such judges as had shewn an inclination to clemency. The machinations of Sixtus were uniformly calculated to advance the interests of the Holy See. He looked with suspicion on the over-weaning power of Philip of Spain, and therefore declined assisting that monarch in his intentions against England; but, when the discomfiture of the Armada threw the temporary ascendancy into

the hands of Elizabeth, Sixtus became the friend of Philip, and proceeded to the absurd length of excommunicating the English Queen. One great principle, the increase of immediate power, actuated all the measures of this pontiff, and this motive led him to look with equal indifference on the protestant Elizabeth, and the catholic Philip. To immortalize his name was also a darling wish of Sixtus, and his architectural projects emulated the splendour of Adrian and Augustus. The city of Rome owes more to the liberality of this pope, than to the united gifts of all his predecessors. By him, the obelisks were raised, which had lain underground for ages. He built the Lateran palace, and the Vatican library; and society is indebted to him for the hospital near Ponte Sisto, for the maintenance of two thousand infirm, or superannuated persons. He also constructed the aqueduct, which conveys water, for thirteen miles, to Monte Cavello, and the magnificent temple of the Virgin, at Loreto. The splendid performances of Sixtus were achieved in an almost incredibly short space of time, as his pontificate lasted only five years and a few months. This short period, however, was sufficient for a mind of such concentrated power, to erect for itself a monument of fame, which will remain for ages yet to come. Sixtus was frequently heard to say, that he had no esteem for any of the Christian sovereigns, excepting Elizabeth of England, and Henry of Navarre; and with the names of those sovereigns, that of the former keeper of swine should ever be associated, by the candid part of posterity. Pope Sixtus V. was born 1521, and died 1590, not without strong suspicion of poison.

This long digression from Monte Cavello, the ostensible subject of this paper, may appear to some readers to be irrevalent, but the striking character of its second inhabitant, must plead our excuse for the introduction of this slight sketch of his remarkable life.—*Extracted, chiefly, from Brewer's Account of Palaces.*

CURIOS TITLE DEED.
The following curious poetical title deed was granted by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR to an ancestor of the present Marquis of Hastings; it is copied verbatim from the original grant, which was in the possession of his lordship's grandfather, who possessed the estates in Yorkshire, on which he built the noble mansion called Rawdon Hall.

Concessum ad Paulum Roydon.

I William King, the third yere of my reigne
Give to thee Paulyn Roydon Hope, and Hiwtowne,
With all the boundys both up and downe,
From Heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hel,
For thee and thyng, there to dwel,
As truly as this King right is myn,
For a Cross bowe and a harrow
When I sal cum te hunt on Yarrow ;
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I hit the whytl wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurd sonne Henry.



CHATEAU DES ROCHERS,
THE RESIDENCE OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE, born 1626, whose letters are the delight of many, spent the greatest part of her life on this spot, in the department of Ille and Vilaine. One of the apartments is yet shown as that in which this lady was wont to indite her letters to her daughter, to whom she was extremely attached, and who, in 1698, married the Count de Grignan; another, as her bed-room; and a third, as the apartment in which she received the "Gouvernante de Bretagne;" her intercourse with whom is so admirably described in one of her letters. It was here that she deplored the absence of her husband, the Marquis de Sevigné, who recklessly squandered his property and her own in Paris, and who at last ended by falling in a duel, in 1651, fighting with one of his gay companions, the Chevalier d'Albret.

It was not here, however, that Madame de Sevigné breathed her last; this accomplished lady died, whilst on a visit to her daughter, at the Chateau de Grignan, in the village of which name may yet be seen the following epitaph, on a plain white marble slab:—

CI-GIT

MARIE DE RABUTIN MARTAL
MARQUISE DE SEVIGNE.

DECEDEE LE 18 AVRIL, 1698.

But the curious visitor would in vain look for the remains of Madame de Sevigné. When the embalmed body of Petrarch's Laura was kicked about the streets, and insulted with all possible kinds of indecencies, it was too much to expect during the phrensy which then pos-

sessed the French nation, that of Madame de Sevigné should meet a better fate. The body being torn from its resting-place, it was found in a state of preservation, adorned with jewels and costly stuffs: these articles were too great a temptation; and the body was stripped naked and left lying on the ground, to mingle as it might with its native earth!

The subject of many of the epistles by Madame de Sevigné are so entirely domestic as to produce little interest; but others abound with court anecdotes, remarks on men and books, and the topics of the day, written with great ease and felicity. In point of style, they are considered models of the epistolary, which have seldom been surpassed, owing to a perfect natural mode of expression, animated with lively touches of sentiment and description, and a gay playfulness, which gives grace and interest to trifles. In these letters the reader is sometimes wearied with an excess of flattery of her daughter's beauty and talents; the preservation of the former of which seems to have formed the principal object of her maternal anxiety. In fact, although endowed with abilities and penetration, she did not rise much above the level of her age in taste and principles. She was highly attached to rank and splendour, loved admiration, and felt the usual predilection of high life for manners and accomplishments, in preference to solid worth.

The best edition of her "Letters" are that of Perrin, 1775, 8 vols., 12mo.; and of 1801, 10 vols., 12mo. An English translation was published in London, 1758.

THE DRUIDS' CHANT.*

Such blithe and merry Priests are we,
Go search the world around;
Methinks no better brotherhood,
Will anywhere be found;
Our mire is our oaken wreath,
Our robes are white and free;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

No blood-stain'd knife our rites require—
For us no victims bleed;
Old Care's the only sacrifice,
Our blazing altars need;
And when our mystic flames arise,
Our victim then is he;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Unity, and Peace, and Concord,
The doctrines are we teach;
And still, moreover, honestly
We practice what we preach;
Our prayers, be sure, are short and few,
Though niter'd fervently;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Our duties light and pleasant are,
For none are sure more blos'd,
Than to console the sorrowing,
And succour the distressed;
Those acts with heart and soul, we do;
Perform right cheerfully;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we!

Our temples unto harmony
Are consecrat'd all;
On falsehood, and on fell discord,
Our anathemas fall.
No plaintive dole, but ev'n song,
We chant right merrily;
A merry and a jovial set,
Though Druid Priests are we.

The Public Journals.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, No. 290.
[Blackwood and T. Cadell.]

Milton.

MILTON is not an author amongst authors, not a poet amongst poets, but a power amongst powers; and the *Paradise Lost* is not a book amongst books, not a poem amongst poems, but a central force amongst forces. Let us explain. There is this great distinction amongst books: some, though possibly the best in their class, are still no more than books—not indispensable, not incapable of supplementary representation by other books. If they had never been—if their place had continued for ages unfilled—not the less, upon a sufficient excitement arising, there would always have been found the ability, either directly to fill up the vacancy, or at least to meet the same passion virtually, though by a work differing in form. Thus, supposing Butler to have died in youth, and the *Hudibras* to have been intercepted by his premature death, still the ludicrous aspects of the Parliamentary war, and its fighting saints, were too striking to have perished. If not in a

* *Drauidical Songs*, by James Wilson, Arch-Drauid.

collision with the ordinary interests of life, and with its militant propensities, offered too striking a field for the satiric muse, in any case, to have passed in total neglect. The impulse was too strong for repression—it was a volcanic agency, that, by some opening or other, must have worked a way for itself to the upper air. Yet Butler was a most original poet, and a creator within his own province. But, like many another original mind, there is little doubt that he quelled and repressed, by his own excellence, other minds of the same cast. Mere despair of excelling him, so far as not, after all, to seem imitators, drove back others who would have pressed into that arena, if not already brilliantly filled. Butler failing, there would have been another Butler, either in the same or in some analogous form.

But, with regard to Milton, and the Miltonic power, the case is far otherwise. If the man had failed, the power would have failed. In that mode of power which he wielded, the function was exhausted in the man—species was identified with the individual—the poetry was incarnated in the poet.

Let it be remembered, that, of all powers which act upon man through his intellectual nature, the very rarest is that which we moderns call the *Sublime*. The Grecians had apparently no word for it, unless it were that which they meant by *το ὅγχος*: for *ὑπερ* was a comprehensive expression for all qualities which gave a character of grace or animation to the composition, such even as were philosophically opposed to the sublime. In the Roman poetry, and especially in Lucan, at times also Juvenal, there is an exhibition of a moral sublime, perfectly distinct from any thing known to the Greek poetry. The delineations of republican grandeur, as expressing itself through the principal leaders in the Roman camps, or the trampling under foot of ordinary superstitions, as given in the reasons assigned to Labienus for passing the oracle of the Lybian Jupiter unconsulted, are in a style to which there is nothing corresponding in the whole Grecian literature, nor would they have been comprehensible to an Athenian. The famous line—"Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quoconque moveris," and the brief review of such questions as might be worthy of an oracular god, with the summary declaration, that every one of those points we know already by the light of nature, and could not know them better though Jupiter Ammon himself were to impress them on our attention—

"Seimus, et haec nobis non attius inservit Ammon;" all this is truly Roman in its sublimity; and so exclusively Roman, that there, and not in poets like the Augustan, expressly modelling their poems on Grecian types, ought the Roman mind to be studied.

On the other hand, for that species of the sublime which does not rest purely and merely on moral energies, but on a synthesis between

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narrative form, the case would have come forward in the drama. Puritanical sanctity, in man and nature—for what may properly be called the Ethico-physical Sublime—there is but one great model surviving in the Greek poetry, viz. the gigantic drama of the Prometheus crucified on Mount Elborus. And this drama differs so much from every thing else, even in the poetry of Eschylus, as the mythus itself differs so much from all the rest of the Grecian mythology (belonging, apparently, to an age and a people more gloomy, austere, and nearer to the *incunabula mundi*, than those which bred the gay and sunny superstitions of Greece,) that much curiosity and speculation have naturally gathered round the subject of late years. Laying this one insulated case apart, and considering that the Hebrew poetry of Isaiah and Ezekiel, as having the benefit of inspiration, does not lie within the just limits of competition, we may affirm that there is no human composition which can be challenged as constitutionally sublime—sublime equally by its conception and by its execution, or as uniformly sublime from first to last, excepting the *Paradise Lost*. In Milton only, first and last, is the power of the sublime revealed. In Milton only does this great agency blaze and glow as a furnace kept up to a white heat—without intermission and without collapse.

If, therefore, Milton occupies this unique position—and let the reader question himself closely whether he can cite any other book than the *Paradise Lost*, as continuously sublime, or sublime even by its prevailing character—in that case there is a peculiarity of importance investing that one book which belongs to no other; and it must be important to dissipate any erroneous notions which affect the integrity of that book's estimation. Now, there are two notions countenanced by Addison and by Dr. Johnson, which tend greatly to disparage the character of its composition. If the two critics, one friendly, the other very malignant, but both meaning to be just, have in reality built upon sound principles, or at least upon a sound appreciation of Milton's principles—in that case there is a mortal taint diffused over the whole of the *Paradise Lost*: for not a single book is clear of one or other of the two errors which they charge upon him. We will briefly state the objections, and then as briefly reply to them, by exposing the true philosophy of Milton's practice. For we are very sure that, in doing as he did, this mighty poet was governed by no carelessness or oversight, (as is imagined,) but by a most refined theory of poetic effects.

I. The first of these two charges respects a supposed pedantry, or too ambitious a display of erudition. It is surprising to us that such an objection should have occurred to any man; both because, after all, the quantity of learning cannot be great for which any poem can find an opening; and because, in any poem burning with concentrated fire, like the Mil-

tonic, the passion becomes a law to itself, and will not receive into connexion with itself any parts so deficient in harmony, as a cold ostentation of learned illustrations must always have been found. Still, it is alleged, that such words as *friese*, *architrave*, *cornice*, *zenith*, &c., are words of art, out of place amongst the primitive simplicities of Paradise, and at war with Milton's purpose of exhibiting the Paradisaical state.

Now, here is displayed broadly the very perfection of ignorance, as measured against the very perfection of what may be called poetic science. We will lay open the true purpose of Milton, by a single illustration. In describing impressive scenery, as occurring in a hilly or a woody country, every body must have noticed the habit which young ladies have of using the word *amphitheatre*: “amphitheatre of woods”—“amphitheatre of hills,”—these are their constant expressions. Why? Is it because the word *amphitheatre* is a Grecian word! We question if one young lady in twenty knows that it is; and very certain we are that no word would recommend itself to her use by that origin, if she happened to be aware of it. The reason lurks here:—in the word *theatre*, is contained an evanescent image of a great audience—of a populous multitude. Now, this image, half withdrawn, half flashed upon the eye—and combined with the word *hills* or *forests*, is thrown into powerful collision with the silence of hills—with the solitude of forests; each image, from reciprocal contradiction, brightens and vivifies the other. The two images act, and react, by strong repulsion and antagonism.

This principle we might exemplify, and explain at great length; but we impose a law of severe brevity upon ourselves. And we have said enough. Out of this one principle of subtle and lurking antagonism, may be explained every thing which has been denounced under the idea of pedantry in Milton. It is the key to all that lavish pomp of art and knowledge which is sometimes put forward by Milton in situations of intense solitude, and in the bosoms of primitive nature—as, for example, in the Eden of his great poem, and in the Wilderness of his *Paradise Regained*. The shadowy exhibition of a regal banquet in the desert, draws out and stimulates the sense of its utter solitude and remotion from men or cities. The images of architectural splendour, suddenly raised in the very centre of Paradise, as vanishing shows by the wand of a magician, bring into powerful relief the depth of silence, and the unpopulous solitude which possess this sanctuary of man whilst yet happy and innocent. Paradise could not, in any other way, or by any artifice less profound, have been made to give up its essential and differential characteristics in a form palpable to the imagination. As a place of rest, it was necessary that it should be placed in close collision with the unresting strife of cities; as a place of solitude, with the image of tumultuous

crowds; as the centre of mere natural beauty in its gorgeous prime, with the images of elaborate architecture and of human workmanship; as a place of perfect innocence in seclusion, that it should be exhibited as the antagonist pole to the sin and misery of social man.

Such is the covert philosophy which governs Milton's practice, and which might be illustrated by many scores of passages from both the *Paradise Lost* and the *Paradise Regained*.^{*} In fact, a volume might be composed on this one chapter. And yet, from the blindness or inconsiderate examination of his critics, this latent wisdom—this cryptical science of poetic effects—in the mighty poet, has been misinterpreted, and set down to the account of defective skill, or even of puerile ostentation.

II. The second great charge against Milton is, *prima facie*, even more difficult to meet. It is the charge of having blended the Pagan and Christian forms. The great realities of angels and archangels are continually combined into the same groups with the fabulous impersonations of the Greek mythology. Eve is interlinked in comparisons with Pandora; sometimes again with Eurydice. Those impersonations, however, may be thought to have something of allegoric meaning in their conceptions, which in a measure corrects this Paganism of the idea. But Eve is also compared with Ceres, with Hebe, and other fixed forms of Pagan superstition. Other allusions to the Greek mythologic forms, or direct combination of them with the real existences of the Christian heavens, might be produced by scores, were it not that we decline to swell our paper beyond the necessity of the case. Now, surely this at least is an error. Can there be any answer to this?

At one time we were ourselves inclined to fear that Milton had been here caught tripping. In this instance, at least, he seems to be in error. But there is no trusting to appearances. In meditating upon the question, we happened to remember that the most colossal and Miltonic of painters had fallen into the very same fault, if fault it were. In his *Last Judgment*, Michael Angelo has introduced the Pagan deities in connexion with the hierarchy of the Christian heavens. Now, it is very true that one great man cannot palliate the error of another great man, by committing the same error himself. But, though it cannot

* For instance this is the key to that image in the *Paradise Regained*, where Satan, on first emerging into sight, is compared to an old man gathering sticks "to warm him on a winter's day." This image, at first sight, seems little in harmony with the wild and awful character of the supreme fiend. No; it is *not in* harmony; nor is it meant to be in harmony. On the contrary, it is meant to be in antagonism and intense repulsion. The household image of old age, of human infirmity, and of domestic hearths, are all meant as a machinery for provoking and soliciting the fearful idea to which they are placed in collision, and as so many repelling poles.

avail as an excuse, such a conformity of ideas serves as a summons to a much more vigilant examination of the case than might else be instituted. One man might err from inadvertency; but that two, and both men trained to habits of constant meditation, should fall into the same error—makes the marvel tenfold greater.

Now we confess that, as to Michael Angelo, we do not pretend to assign the precise key to the practice which he adopted. And to our feelings, after all that might be said in apology, there still remains an impression of incongruity in the visual exhibition and direct juxtaposition of the two orders of supernatural existence so potently repelling each other. But, as regards Milton, the justification is complete, it rests upon the following principle:

In all other parts of Christianity, the two orders of superior beings, the Christian heaven and the Pagan pantheon, are felt to be incongruous—not as the pure opposed to the impure, (for, if that were the reason, then the Christian fiends should be incongruous with the angels, which they are not,)—but as the unreal opposed to the real. In all the hands of other poets, we feel that Jupiter, Mercury, Apollo, Diana, are not merely impure conceptions, but that they are baseless concep-tions, phantoms of air, nonentities; and there is much the same objection, in point of just taste, to the combination of such fabulous beings, in the same groups with glorified saints and angels, as there is to the combination, by a painter or a sculptor, of real flesh-and-blood creatures with allegoric abstractions.

This is the objection to such combination in all other poets. But this objection does not apply to Milton: it glances past him; and for the following reason: Milton has himself laid an early foundation for his introduction of the Pagan pantheon into Christian groups:—*the false gods of the heathen world were, according to Milton, the fallen angels.* They are not false, therefore, in the sense of being unreal, baseless, and having a merely fantastical existence, like our European fairies, but as having drawn aside mankind from a pure worship. As ruined angels under other names, they are no less real than the faithful and loyal angels of the Christian heavens. And in that one difference of the Miltonic creed, which the poet has brought pointedly and elaborately under his reader's notice by his matchless catalogue of the rebellious angels, and of *their Pagan transformations*, in the very first book of the *Paradise Lost*, is laid beforehand the amplest foundation for his subsequent practice; and at the same time, therefore, the amplest answer to the charge preferred against him by Dr. Johnson, and by so many other critics who had not sufficiently penetrated the latent theory on which he acted.

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Arts and Sciences.

GAS PRODUCED BY A NEW PROCESS.

An experiment in gas-lighting by the Compte de Val Marino was lately made on a piece of waste ground at the back of Fetter-lane, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, who were invited to witness the result. A small gasometer was erected for the purpose, which was connected by tubes with a furnace built of brick, and containing three retorts, one of which was supplied with water from a siphon, another was filled with tar, and both being decomposed in the third retort, formed the sole materials by which the gas was produced. The process appeared to be extremely simple, and the novelty of the experiment consisted in the fact, that the principal agent employed to produce the gas was common water combined with tar; but, according to the theory of the inventor of this new species of gas, any sort of bituminous or fatty matter would answer the purpose equally as well as pitch or tar. After the lapse of about half-an-hour employed in the experiment, during which time the process was explained to the company, the gas was turned into the burners, and a pure and powerful light was produced, perfectly free from smoke or any unpleasant smell. The purity and intenness of the flame were tested in a very satisfactory manner; and those who witnessed the experiment appeared perfectly satisfied with the result. The great advantage of this sort of gas over that produced from coal consists, it was said, in the cheapness of the materials employed in its production, the facility with which it is manufactured, and the perfection to which it is at once brought without the necessity of its undergoing the tedious and expensive process of condensation and purification; for, in this instance, as soon as the preliminaries were completed, the light was produced in a perfect state within a few feet of the gasometer, which, although of inferior size, was said to be capable of affording light for ten hours to at least 500 lamps or burners. With regard to the comparative expense, it was also stated that 1,000 cubic feet of gas manufactured by this process could be supplied for about one-third the price now charged by coal-gas companies.*—*Evening Paper.*

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

RAILROAD-MAKING is carried on at a dashing rate by our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic. East and West, North and South, their famous lines are traversing the land. The old forests of pine are gradually falling under the axe, to supply with timber these respective works, leaving the soil in such localities unencumbered, and less subject to marshes and miasma. From the many which have been successful, and long in operation, we abstract the chiefest and most notable, lay-

* It is said, similar experiments were performed several years ago by Mr. Rutter, near Lymington.

ing before our readers a succinct and business-like account of the cost, machinery, and make of each; thereby giving them a fair and exact notion of what these Transatlantic undertakings are.

The Quincy Railroad.—This is the first work of the kind which was attempted in the United States. It was constructed solely for the transportation of granite; and commences at the granite quarry in Quincy, and, descending gradually, terminates at the Nepoulet river, which flows into Boston Harbour. It is a single track railroad, three miles in length. The ascent of the hill on which the quarry is situated, is overcome by a self-acting inclined plane. The sleepers are of granite, seven and half feet long, and laid eight feet apart. The distance between the rails is five feet. The rail are of pine, 5 inches deep, with a covering of oak, on which are laid the thin plates of wrought iron, upon which the cars traverse. At the crossings of the high roads, the iron bars are fastened down to granite rails in a durable manner. The least radius of curvature is 300 feet. When it was first constructed, the usual load for one horse was 10 tons, moving at the rate of three miles an hour. It has now been in operation 14 years.

The Hudson and Mohawk Railroad.—The company by which this railroad was constructed, was incorporated by the legislature of New York, in 1826, with a capital of 300,000*.00* sterling, with liberty to increase it to 500,000*.00*. This increase has since taken place. On August 12, 1830, the ground was broken at Schenectady, for the purpose of constructing a double-track railroad. It is about sixteen miles in length. The railroad commences at the termination of the city line, on the Hudson river, and about thirteen acres of land are owned by the company in this vicinity, part of which includes the wharfs, constructed for the accommodation of the transports on the road. The road crosses south Pearl-street, under a handsome stone arch, and passes thence up the hill, with an inclination of one foot in eighteen, until it reaches the summit, 185 feet above Hudson. At this place, a building is erected, which contains a double stationary engine of twelve horse power, for hauling up the cars. The road then proceeds north-westerly up to the head of Lydius-street, to strike which, it takes a curve of 4,000 feet radius, and passes over two heavy and high embankments, and through some deep cuttings near the Alms-house. From the head of Lydius-street, it proceeds in the same direction, crossing the heavy embankments called the Bud Viaduct, ascending a plane for about three miles, of one foot in 225. Afterwards, ascending by two other planes at different points, and crossing several waterways upon embankments, it proceeds to the summit at Schenectady. There are in all six principal embankments. About four miles from Schenectady, there is a curve in the road of 23,000 feet radius. Just at the summit is a

smaller curve, with a radius of 1,100 feet. There is also another plane of three miles, where the ascent is one foot in 270, and another of one mile and a half, where it is one in 450 feet. The descent from the Schenectady summit to the level of the Hudson, is 335 feet. At this point, a double stationary engine is placed. A plane overcomes a height of 115 feet, with an inclination like that near the Hudson, and running down heavy embankment, strikes the canal about half a mile from the principal street in Schenectady; but the track is prolonged upon a level to within sixty rods of the same. The soil through which the road passes is sandy. Some considerable elevations are cut through, and several ravines crossed. The slopes left by the cutting, or formed by the embankments, are to be covered with sods. No settling of the road has taken place, except to a very slight degree, in some of the embankments, which has since been rectified. Both locomotive engines and horses are used upon this railroad. A locomotive has travelled upon it, with a load of eight tons, at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The number of passengers, so early as October 1831, averaged 387 per day.

The Camden and Amboy Railroad.—This railroad commences at Camden, on the Delaware, opposite to Philadelphia, and passes through Burlington, Bordentown, Hightstown, Spotswood, over south river, and terminates at Amboy. The whole distance from Camden to Amboy in a direct line is sixty miles, by the railroad the distance is sixty-one miles and ten chains. The country through which it passes is very level; and, in one instance, for twenty miles, nature seems to have fore-stalled the engineer. Being designed for locomotive engines, it is constructed in the most improved and substantial manner. Between Bordentown and Amboy, there is a cut sixty feet deep at the deepest point, extending nearly two miles, with varying depth. The soil taken from the excavation was, with great labour, placed on the top of the banks, there being no valleys near to be filled up. The culverts and viaducts near Bordentown are constructed of stone. The binding gravel used upon this railroad, was formed by grinding the small and smooth stone found under the soil, in a steam mill, constructed for this purpose. The amount believed to be received for the conveyance of light freight and passengers, is calculated at 500,000*l.* sterling, per annum. The expense of a single track, that is, two lines of rails, is said to have been 8,000*l.* per mile. The execution of this enterprise was undertaken by the Camden and Amboy railroad company, united, in pursuance of an act of the legislature of New Jersey, to the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company. The company was incorporated for the purposes of transportation as well as constructing the railroad, and they accordingly purchased the line of steamboats on the Delaware and Raritan. As the Delaware is frequently closed with

ice during a part of the winter, and the trade of Philadelphia is, in consequence, directed to New York, vessels destined for Philadelphia, can put into Raritan Bay, which is open at all seasons, and the cargoes can be thence conveyed at once, upon the railroad, to the place of destination.

The Mauch Chunk Railroad.—This was the first railroad constructed in Pennsylvania. It was commenced in January, 1827, and finished in the succeeding May. It extends from the coal mines near Mauch Chunk, along the side of the mountain, down an inclined plane of various declivities, on the Lehigh river. The elevation of the coal mines above the Lehigh, at the point where the coal is delivered into the boats, is 936 feet. The road, within half a mile of the mine, rises forty-six feet, when it reaches its extreme point of elevation, 982 feet above the river. At the bank of the river, there is an abrupt termination of the mountain, upon which is constructed an inclined plane, 700 feet long, with a declivity of 225 feet, below which, there is a still farther descent of twenty-five feet down a chute, through which coal is conveyed into the boats. Its entire length, from the river to the mines, is nine miles, and its branches at the ends and the sidings, four miles and a half more. It consists of a single track. The least radius of curvature 437 feet. The railroad has a continued descent from the summit, so that the cars descend by their own gravity. The rails are of timber, covered with plates of iron, and resting upon cross sleepers, at the distance of four feet from each other. The coal is transported in cars, fourteen of which are connected together, each containing a ton and a half of coal. A single conductor rides on one of the cars and regulates their movement. From 300 to 340 tons a-day are regularly discharged into the river. The empty wagons are drawn back by mules, who ride down the railway in cars; and so strong is the preference to this mode of travelling down, that in one instance, when they were sent up with the coal wagons, without the mule cars, the workmen were not able to drive them down, but were actually obliged to drag up the cars for them to descend in. At first the wagons descended at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour, but it was necessary to reduce the speed, as it injured the machines, and, by agitating the coal, involved the driver in a cloud of dust. The cost of this railroad was 3050*l.* per mile.

MOUNT ETNA.

A GREAT mass of ice was discovered some time since on Mount Etna, which had been preserved, probably for ages, from melting, by a current of red-hot lava having flowed over it. This singular phenomenon was discovered by the following circumstance:—The great heat experienced in the south of Europe, during the summer and autumn of 1828, caused

the supplies of snow and ice, which had been preserved in the spring of that year for the use of Catania and the adjoining parts of Sicily, and the island of Malta, to be entirely exhausted. Considerable distress being felt for the want of a commodity, regarded in those countries as one of the necessities of life, the magistrates of Catania applied to Signor M. Gammellaro, in the hope that his local knowledge of Etna might enable him to point out some part of the mountain where drift snow was still preserved. In answer to their inquiries he stated, that he suspected that a small mass of perennial ice, at the foot of the highest cone, was part of a larger and contiguous glacier, covered by a lava current. Having procured a large body of workmen, he quarried into this ice; after which, he proved the super-position of the lava for several hundred yards, by which means he discovered that the subsequent flowing of the lava over the ice was the cause of the position of the glacier. On the 1st of December, 1828, (says a recent traveller,) I visited this spot, which is on the south side of the cone, and not far above the Casa Inglesi; but the fresh snow had already nearly filled up the new opening, so that it had only the appearance of the mouth of a grotto. We may suppose that, at the commencement of the eruption, a deep mass of drift snow had been covered by volcanic sand, showered down upon it before the descent of the lava. A dense stratum of this fine dust, mixed with scoria, is well known to be an excellent non-conductor of heat, and may thus have preserved the snow from complete fusion when the burning flood poured over it. The shepherds in the higher regions of Etna are accustomed to provide an annual store of snow, to supply their flocks with water in the summer months, by simply strewing over the snow, in the spring, a layer of volcanic sand, a few inches thick, which effectually prevents the sun from penetrating. When lava had once consolidated over a glacier, at the height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, we may readily conceive, that the ice would endure as long as the snows of Mont Blanc, unless melted by volcanic heat from below.

W. G. C.

ROOT AND BRANCH. — Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was accustomed to make an annual feast, to which she invited all her relations. At one of these family meetings she drank their health, adding, "What a glorious sight it is to see such a number of branches flourishing from one root!" but observing Jack Spencer laugh, insisted on knowing what occasioned his mirth, and promised to forgive him, be it what it would. "Why, then, madam," said he, "I was thinking how much more the branches would flourish if the root were under ground."

CHRISTMAS COLUMN FOR CLEVER CHILDREN.

Come hither, ye Children, come hither and see,
What a sweet little Library your's may be,
Of Books that glitter within and without,
And will tell you all wonderful stories about
The Birds and the Beasts—and those Mariners three—
Quar, Crusoe, and Wilkins who lived in the sea ;
With a bookful of other delicious vagaries,
About Ogres and Dwarfs, Silver Slippers, and Fairies :
Come hither, ye Children, come hither and see,
And read all these things, if delighted you'd be.

The Child's Library. J. Thomas,
Finch Lane.

THIS is a charming little collection, under the above title, of romantic little fictions, fit for the merry hearts of early girlhood and boyhood. The present edition appears with a bright face; it is gay outside with golden flagree, and inside with famous engravings on every third and fourth page. Six volumes of this handsome little library are now before us; and were we again children, we would certainly deny ourselves gingerbread and sweetmeats, in order to lay up and make these volumes our own. First in rank let us notice—

[*The Child's Book of Zoology.* James H. Fennell.]

The author's name may not be altogether unknown to our readers, from his excellent Natural History Papers, which have from time to time appeared in our periodical. In the present selection of anecdotal gleanings with which he has enriched the work, his correct judgment as usual displays itself. Amusing notices of orang-outangs and elephants, hippopotami and lampets, crickets and rose-chafers, will amply please the reader; many surprising facts, too, they will not fail to learn: to wit, among others, that rats are as fond of Burton ale as themselves, and that ginger-beer and porter are pronounced excellent by baboons! It is a little book, which in small space contains much wisdom, and by its simplicity of style is pleasantly intelligible. Next follows,

[*The Life and Adventures of Philip Quar.*]

This tale we highly recommend to the perusal of the young; it inculcates a very sterling moral throughout, and nobody gives better advice than the good old hermit.

[*Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins among the Flying Nations.*]

This surpasses all the foregoing for its wonderful narrations: it is a truly delightful little fiction, surprising from first to last; and those who read it will not in a hurry forget "Gloomy Peter" and beautiful Youwarkee, with her greenresses, or snow-white wings.

[*Robinson Crusoe.*]

This next appears, but more vividly than elsewhere, for the plates are so exact and numerous, that of themselves they tell the history. This tale forms two volumes of the library, and deservedly so.

Last of this sparkling little Series stands the volume entitled, "*Fairy Tale, in verse,*" containing Little Red Riding Hood—terrible Blue Beard—glassy-slipped Cinderella—Clever Puss in Boots—Toads and Diamonds—and Tom Thumb and the Ogre. The volume entitled "*The Chase,*" at the end of this volume, is also one of the liveliest, wittiest little sketches we have for many a day met with. It is as good as any of our old English Ballads, which one is never tired of singing.